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Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival-Play.

[We translate here the concluding chapter of a little book by H. M. SCHLETTNER, Director of the Conservatory at Augsburg, a cultivated musician and an admirable critic. The volume is made up of his letters from Bayreuth to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in which he records his impressions after each day's performance of the Nibelungen Trilogy and Introduction. We think it embodies, on the whole, the best account that we have yet seen, both in the way of description and of critical appreciation, among so many good ones, of Wagner's master effort. We wish some publisher and competent translator might be found for the entire work, which exceeds the narrow bounds of our fortnightly journal.]

—We find ourselves at the end of the gigantic work. Congratulating ourselves on having happily survived it, and registering a vow of renunciation for all time of all repetition of the enjoyment, we will now attempt a *résumé* of the impression of the entire work, and try to see what prospects for future artistic realization these bold innovations, which Wagner has here for the first time brought partially before the world, may offer. Wagner, we know, is proclaimed by the Hotspurs, who follow his flag from various motives, as the greatest poet and greatest composer of his time, as the perfecter of all dramatic-musical strivings. Possibly he believes all that of himself; he has at least given abundant proofs of bold self-consciousness. But let it remain undecided, whether he is fond of hearing himself compared to Aeschylus and other men not altogether insignificant. Whether, as poet, he stands immediately next to Schiller and Goethe, the experts may determine. But, in our deepest, firmest conviction, the place next to Mozart and Beethoven is to this hour unoccupied. The performance of the Nibelungen Trilogy, apart from the manifold shortcomings in the more or less successful representation itself, could not yield any real satisfaction, not to speak of enjoyment. Even the most glowing of his followers had to confess, that helpless dreariness and dullness, infinite exhaustion and prostration were the lot of all who attended the festival plays. The dramas of our great poets also move and thrill us, penetrate and stir us; and it would be terrible to think that people could always go away from the temples of Art only humming or laughing. It will ever remain the highest task of poetry and music to reach what is deepest in man and make him bow beneath the weight of imperishable impressions. But true and genuine Art elevates and refreshes at the same time, for in its inmost nature it conceals the balm for the griefs it brings. With Wagner's dramas it is quite otherwise.

Who has carried away from the *Rheingold* anything but nervous irritation and physical prostration? What artistic or dramatic idea was there to compensate us for the torturing prolixity of this prelude? In the first drama, Siegmund and Sieglinde interest us perhaps, and at the end the noble Valkyrie; but we

cannot feel our whole soul warm for the guilty pair, the victims of a dark fate; and before Brünnhilde's destiny is finally fulfilled, we have long since been blunted for all impressions. *Siegfried* offers no moment that could lift us above the commonplace of life; and in the *Götterdämmerung*, of which the text, in point of invention and execution, may be designated as the best and most consistent portion of the Trilogy, it is at bottom only magic draughts that govern destinies. Even the underlying thought of the whole, that all for wretched gold and the guilt that cleaves to it both gods and men must be brought low,—in the murderous drama all the actors, from Wotan down to the horse Grane, find annihilation,—only the insignificant Gutrune remains alive)—has nothing for us that really takes hold of us, at all events nothing to fill our soul throughout four evenings.

What chiefly enchains us in other poems, the mild relations of sympathy and love, the feelings and emotions of the acting persons, is almost wholly wanting in Wagner's drama. He succeeds better in describing wild passion and fiery lust, than in expressing in tones the tender blissful feelings of the soul. Cheap effects may always be obtained by a thick laving on of colors. To our heart, which surely has some claims upon a drama, too little is offered in the four Nibelungen evenings, to enable us to begin to talk of satisfaction. Not the slightest interest is awakened in us for the fate of the *soi-disant* Gods; their uncouth progeny, governed by the most unbridled sensuality, soon become repulsive to us; to the men clings not a trace of moral character. Only in a few rare moments is any warmer sympathy excited: as when in the second act of the *Walküre* the love of husband and wife, and and in the third that between child and father, breaks out; when Siegfried yields himself up to the magical charm of the forest, and when Brünnhilde is awakened by him out of her long sleep. For the almost entire want of scenes and traits which work upon our inmost feeling, we are not compensated in the long run by beautiful decorations and costumes, which one very soon sees to satiety, nor by the bold scene shifting and the interesting wreaths of identification (*Leit-motiven*) which chase one another restlessly about in the orchestra; least of all by lengthy scenes, spun out with evident fondness, in which sensuality is raised to boiling heat and voluptuousness goes up in steaming, stifling vapors. How far a stage play may go in this direction, we will not here inquire; we are far from wishing to preach up absolute virtuousness and the divesting of the drama from any sort of sensuous delight. In pictures, under certain circumstances, even the nude can appear chaste and pure; yet there is a great difference between such noble works of plastic Art and those which purposely present voluptuous scenes merely to excite sensual

passion. With Wagner it is too strikingly the case, that the description of wild, reeling sensual ecstasy is often what he aims at; he understands that like a virtuoso, and with a fan-like zest he riots in such exciting tone-pictures. By this means his Art becomes immoral and corrupting, an ideal for hysterical women and nervously exhausted men. The conception of love or sexual relations in his operas is unspeakably unsound, unnatural and loathsome. One must actually find a peculiar satisfaction in risking swoons of the senses, when he can resolve to hear such music often.

Wherein chiefly lies for so many hearers the peculiar charm, and for the followers of the classical direction the weakness and repellence of Wagner's music? For the most part, probably, in its harmonic treatment and peculiar modulation; but also in its formlessness and its extravagant instrumentation, exhausting all means of effect. The ideal matter, the musical thought and inspiration, are always only slight with Wagner. He is a very skilful workman; but what he gives is after all only ingenious mosaic, in which his reckless sort of counterpoint and modulation mocks at all laws of Art. The inexplicable tone combinations, which one meets with him, have an inexplicable effect upon the laity, fearfully exciting to the nerves, while they confound and fail to satisfy the connoisseurs. Besides, often as you hear it said, do not believe that Wagner has created so much that is new in harmony, in imitation and in instrumentation. Most of his effects are found singly in older works. What makes his compositions appear new is the unartistic heaping up of all conceivable means of effect; the startling, often ugly combination of instruments, which only when heard from a cellar, as if from a distance, do not offend the finer ear; the planless groping in all keys; the modulation never arriving at repose and reeling from one deceptive cadence to another; and the continual use of altered (i.e., augmented and diminished) chords. The great masters of the past purposely employed their effects always sparingly; hence the extraordinary effect which they produce even when often heard. Wagner, heaping effect upon effect, appears here too as a spend-thrift; but the consequence of these perpetual stimulants is a speedy satiety which sets in against his music, and a rapid wearing out of even the most brilliant combinations.

But even more than all these sickly symptoms of his composition, the lack of melody in his operas will always stand in the way of their popularity. Just on that side where an opera composer ought to have superabundance, with him we find the most striking poverty and impotence.

Do not speak to us of the sporadic melodies into which he now and then exceptionally goes astray. To be sure, we find such, but, for the wide compass and the pretentious nature of his

operas, far too few. Wagner who gives with full hands what he does possess, would not be a miser in melody, if there were really melodic treasures in his possession. And then, divest his melodies of their harmonic and melodic accessories—and what remains? Allusions to what is well known, nothing conspicuous for originality or grace. Wagner, who constantly appeals to Schopenhauer, is unfaithful to his teachings, the moment he has to do with melody; for this wise man says: "In the compositions of the present time more regard is paid to harmony than melody; but I hold to the opposite view and regard the melody as the heart of the music, to which the harmony bears the relation of the sauce to the roast meat." And about the Opera especially he has these very remarkable words: "It ought never to forsake its subordinate place, to make itself the principal affair and music the mere medium of its expression, which is a great mistake and sheer perversion. At bottom it is but the product of the somewhat barbaric idea of heightening the aesthetic enjoyment by the accumulation of means, by the simultaneousness of wholly different impressions, and by the strengthening of effect through the multiplication of the co-operating masses and forces; whereas music, as the mightiest of all arts, by itself alone, can completely fill the soul that is susceptible. But instead of this, during such extremely complicated opera music, the mind is importuned at the same time through the eye, by means of the most motley pageantry, fantastical images and the liveliest impressions of light and color; with which the fable of the piece has most to do. By all this the mind is drawn away, distracted, stunned, and rendered by no means susceptible to the holy, mysterious, interior language of tones. It all works directly counter to the attainment of the musical end."

Wagner's efforts to renew the life of Opera in subject matter and in form, are highly meritorious. Hitherto a single means of expression (music) has been made too much the end, while the end of expression (the action) has been made the means. Yet the relation of the two does not admit of being precisely reversed, unless the musical Art is to renounce all it has achieved for centuries and grant only a very subordinate position to what has always borne the burthen of all dramatic music, the human voice.

Poetry and Music, essentially hostile rather than friendly, can only work together to the same end through mutual concessions. Had Wagner had as much melodic invention as he has dramatic fire and intellectual reflection, he would never have thought of the Music Drama—essentially a monstrosity—and would have contented himself with bringing what is a hybrid in its very nature nearer to all possible perfection. As we have just spoken of Schopenhauer, we may mention an interesting anecdote we lately read. A gentleman from Zürich, a zealous admirer of the great thinker, paid him a visit in Frankfort am Main. As he took his leave, the philosopher said to him: "A certain Wagner in Zürich keeps sending me his writings. Please tell him he had better spare me; he understands nothing of music."

We have spoken repeatedly of the poetic form in which Wagner clothes his poems, and have shown how no other measure offers greater and more whimsical difficulties for musical treatment than the so-called *Stabreim* (alliterative rhyme). Granting that the poet knows how to fit together his alliterations often very poetically and with graceful ease, and not taking into account the senseless un-German passages, which unfortunately occur in almost every Opera poem, every page of the Nibelungen text affords proofs that knotty, twisted and uneven passages, scarcely intelligible even to the reader, offer almost insuperable difficulties not only to the composer, who through the never changing movement of the verses is doomed to endless rhythmical monotony, but also to the singer. Nothing shows more clearly the wide departure which Wagner has taken from song music proper, than this tendency to the old alliterative rhyme, whose centre of gravity consists mainly in an arbitrary play with syllables and words, vowels and consonants, entirely worthless for a text for singing. While the Italian poets and the best German librettists have constantly endeavored to furnish the singer with soft, euphonious sentences, rich in vowel sounds, so as to make his task more easy, here is required the enunciation of a text, which sticks already in the reader's throat, and which, apart from its general unintelligibility, is also musically fatiguing, because it admits of scarcely any but three-fold rhythms.

Heretofore it has been held sovereign law, in an opera text, to compress the action as much as possible; because, through the greater space which the music by its very nature always occupies, the progress of the work must drag somewhat in any case. Now whether what is sung consists of recitatives, arias or duets, etc., or of unmelodic "infinite melody;" whether the orchestra is treated only as an accompaniment, or as a principal person in the conversation; whether the centre of gravity be placed in the human voices or in the instruments, always the word sung demands more time than the work spoken. Hence in a good libretto all that is unessential, all unnecessary repetitions had to be excluded, while reflexions and philosophical inquiries had to be renounced as far as possible. But Wagner, we know, will write no operas in the traditional sense; so all these rules never trouble him. The drama of the future, therefore, has become a drama of long-windedness for the present. Such never ending, wearisome, indifferent jabberers, chewing over and over what is already familiar, the stage has never seen except in the *Ring des Nibelungen*; never was the action dragged out to such length, or, to the dismay of the hearers, expanded to such breadth through unessential and uninteresting episodes; never was a public and its claims to artistic enjoyment so recklessly disregarded and kept upon the rack, as here. Often have we heard the text-book of the *Nibelungen-Ring* celebrated as a master-work of dramatic poetry. But it was by those who knew it only from reading it. The reading of a play very often produces a wholly different, even an opposite effect from its performance on the stage. Readers of the Wagner poems might feel no shock at many

faults in them, which to the public, present at the representations, were intolerable. One who was never weary of praising the book, must have been of another mind after attending the performance. A judgment on the text or music for an opera is only possible after its right to live has been tested on the stage. And just as little as from a book, can an authoritative judgment pass upon an opera from a piano-forte arrangement or a score. Poetry and music singly, each in and for itself, may appear excellent, yet both united fail of all effect.

The song as such, the voice part, in the Nibelungen Trilogy, is likewise a monstrosity, a brutal mockery of all that the world has hitherto recognized as beautiful and desirable. It throws us back at once three centuries into the time when the first attempts at Opera were made. These too consisted solely of recitatives. But the singing voice, not enslaved and crushed by the instrumentation, was at least able to predominate: a perfected declamation, a simple *Cantilena*, satisfying to the ear, a natural and unconstrained conduct of the parts, was even then regarded as the composer's most important task. And notwithstanding, when we read, in the enthusiastic descriptions of these performances, that an Italian pu' lic at the end of the 16th century listened to the *Music Dramas* (this designation also is an old one) of Caccini, Peri and Monteverde in the highest rapture, we can scarcely believe it. These *Dramas per musica*, sung in the *stile rappresentativo* or *recitative*, certainly bored the hearers then, as much as the Trilogy has bored us today; the reports of such proceedings were just as deceptive, as many which were sent out to all the world from Bayreuth; and the great mass of the 17th century, in its opinions and expressions about Art, was just as much terrorized and tricked into a hypocritical enthusiasm, as that of the nineteenth, while in its heart it certainly thought quite otherwise.

But not only do we see ourselves transported back to these beginnings of dramatic efforts. Wagner's treatment of the voice parts resembles in a fearful manner that of the Madrigalists of Orlando Lasso's time. Then it was the practice to print vocal works in several parts under the title: "To be sung or used on instruments." One could, for example, set a five-part song with 3 voice parts and 2 instruments, or with one voice part and four instruments, according as the fitting voices or instruments were available. This barbaric manner of song writing is what Wagner has brought back to us; for his voice parts are in fact only middle parts, without independent personality, only made to fit as well as may be into the thematic wild beast hunt of the orchestra. Drop out the part of Wotan altogether, or let a bass trombone blow it, the effect will be all the same, and the singer not be missed a moment.

As a further musical absurdity it must be mentioned, that the ideal contents (the musical subject matter) of the Trilogy reduces itself to an immense number of leading motives (*Leitmotive*), which float up and down and cross one another in the orchestra, incessantly, as if caught in a process of fermentation. Down in that "mystical abyss" it boils as in a witches' cauldron; down there, in fact, you have to seek for the main matter; but the attention is continually drawn thereby away from the action and to mere accessories. And as a further consequence of this arrangement, the musical interest, to which there is less and less that is new offered as the work goes on, and which sees itself continually referred to the same old motives, towards the end grows weaker and weaker till it finally dies out. But what musical enjoyment has a hearer, who cannot understand and follow the leading motives at all? If poetically the *Götterdämmerung* is the most successful part of the Trilogy, musically it is the weakest and most tiresome, the poorest in invention, since it is made up almost exclusively of old and long since played out phrases. Of all Wagner's vagaries this on the field of the *Leitmotive*

motie is the most unfortunate; for in no way could he more evidently betray the weakness of his creative power to the world, than through this helpless mania of wishing to enchain a theatre public with tone-figures which for the most part say nothing, and which keep repeating themselves through four long evenings?

Not less pernicious than the musical are the scenic innovations,—with the exception of the removal of the prompter's box. The excessive importance attached to decorations, machinery and effects of light, is oppressive and unartistic; and the darkened auditorium is a worthy side-piece to the under-ground orchestra. The *Rheingold* and *Walküre* have always made a certain effect in the Munich performances; in Bayreuth by the second evening the exhaustion and satiety were universal. Whence came it? In Munich, during the intolerable length of the representation, one could at least occupy himself with his surroundings, with his fellow sufferers; but in Bayreuth every help was cut off. There, if one found not a mild comforter in sleep, he could only count in despair the bald pates which glimmered faintly through the deep twilight of the auditorium.

(To be Continued.)

English Opera.

BY CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Continued from Page 52.)

But for the discouraging distrust, and chilling indifference to native musical talent, which, with rare exceptions, have been perseveringly maintained by our own countrymen, as well as by foreigners, and of which our illustrious musical ancestors, Lawes, Purcell, and others have so bitterly and justly complained, it is more than probable that, with fair opportunities to display their powers of composition, our eminent musicians, who have at all times shown themselves equal to their Continental brethren in musical erudition, would have become as conspicuous for excellence in music for the stage as for the church. Encouragement is essential to the attainment of success. To aspiring genius it is as morning dew to vegetation; without its refreshing influence art droops and withers. It is undeniable that a baleful and unjust prejudice against our native music and musicians has been oftentimes engendered and sustained by the musicians of this country themselves. Instead of boldly asserting and maintaining for native musical talent a fair claim to prominence and acknowledgment, they have, in too many instances, yielded a precedence to inferior foreign musical compositions and performances, and acknowledged in them a super-excellence, which, in numberless cases, has had no real existence. British musicians have also delayed the universal recognition of merit in English music, and done injury to the cause of native talent, by their assumption of foreign names and titles, in order, as it would appear, to conceal their nationality. This evil, so detrimental to our national character as musicians, should receive every possible discouragement, and the severest condemnation. We know that a long-nurtured prejudice against the native musical productions of this country exists: if we would remove it, we must inspire confidence in others by displaying it ourselves.

In the preceding chapters English Opera has been viewed in its infancy, its youth, and in its progress towards manhood. It has now to be regarded under another aspect—in its approach to maturity, and in its ripeness.

However admirable and popular had been, in their day, Bishop's Operas, and those of his countrymen, of his own and an earlier period, it began to be tacitly admitted, before the first quarter of the present century had been reached, that they had grown out of date, that foreign Operas had superseded them, and that, for native Opera again to invite with success the nation's regard, it must be presented under new conditions. It was acknowledged that modern English Opera must conform, more or less, to modern ideas, and be constructed upon principles adopted by the musicians of the Continent, and, moreover, in accord with the increasing general cultivation of the musical art in all countries, without surrendering such special qualities as might be deemed essentially national.

That British composers, with no near prospect of

witnessing the representation of their Operas, should occupy themselves in their composition was not to be expected. Not having in England, as in France, Italy, and Germany, national theatres—wholly or partially supported by Government—for the performance of national Opera, the musicians of England have had to await favorable opportunities for producing their dramatic compositions. As none appeared in view when the operatic reign of Henry Bishop was over, legitimate English Opera then closed her eyes, and slumbered.

In the summer of 1834, otherwise musically memorable, appeared the prospect of a bright present, and a brilliant and hopeful future, for native Opera. At this period the new "English Opera House," in the Strand, which had been rebuilt to replace its unfortunate predecessor, destroyed by fire, was completed. With this consummation the hopes of English musicians revived. The old English Opera House, so called, had been erected by the famous Dr. Samuel Arnold, the composer of many English Operas and Oratorios, towards the close of the last, or the commencement of the present century, as a home for native Opera, and with the design to connect with it a National School of Music. This desirable plan was, however, frustrated by the proprietors of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, who obstinately opposed the grant of the Lord Chamberlain's license. It was subsequently obtained, and many English Operas, and Operas in English, were performed there. The proprietor of the theatre was Mr. S. J. Arnold, the dramatist, a son of the late Dr. Arnold. Following the laudable example of his father, he desired to encourage and uphold national Opera at his new establishment, and, with the trumpet of faith and hope, he summoned the composers of England to enter the lists in honorable competition. The first to respond was Edward John Loder of Bath—then about twenty-three years of age. He had been studying music at Frankfort under Ferdinand Ries, and, returning home towards the completion of the new building, received from Arnold a libretto of his own writing, with a commission to set it to music. The book, entitled "Nourjahad," was devoid of interest, and presented no scope to the ambitious young aspirant for operatic fame to introduce into his Opera dramatic situations which might suggest effective concerted music. The songs, duets, trios, and choruses were charmingly composed, and displayed considerable talent for dramatic music, but they were to some extent independent of the plot, and, on that account, perhaps of more commercial value to the publisher, a desideratum too often taken into consideration by English composers, to the injury of dramatic consistency. The success of "Nourjahad" was so qualified as almost to amount to a failure. Loder's ability was acknowledged by musicians, but his Opera failed to attract the public. After several performances, to audiences which "grew small by degrees and beautifully less," to the evident discomfiture of the establishment's treasury, the piece was withdrawn. Despite the non-success of Loder's first Opera, it opened a new field of operation for the dramatic composers of Great Britain. "Nourjahad" was followed, in 1835, by Loder's "Dice of Death." His "Francis I." is an Opera made up of independent, unconnected songs, duets, and trios, which the composer had supplied to D'Almaine and Co., by contract, and which had already been published. It met with no success.

"The Night Dancers," Loder's best and most charming Opera, was successful at the Princess's Theatre in 1846, and again in 1850; and on its revival at Covent Garden, under the Pyne and Harrison management, in 1860. "Raymond and Agnes" (1853) is another Opera of considerable merit, which it is hoped may, at no distant period, be resuscitated. But for his erratic life, and his inattention to professional engagements, Edward Loder would, no doubt, have made a more impressive and enduring mark upon the history of English music.

We now come to a very distinguished name, that of John Barnett, who is remarkable as being the first British musician who composed an English Opera constructed upon modern principles. He was born at Bedford, in 1802. His musical disposition was manifested almost in infancy. When a boy, he attained celebrity as a theatrical contralto singer. He was soon before the public as a composer of songs, many of which became rapidly popular. Barnett was successful in his first essay at dramatic music in 1825, and, in consequence, he received a commission to compose "The Carnival of Naples," for Covent Garden Theatre, in 1830. A small comic Opera, written by Buckstone for Mrs.

Fitzwilliam, called the "Pet of the Petticoats," composed by Barnett for Sadler's Wells Theatre, in 1832, attracted to that out-of-the-way establishment all the professional and non-professional world of harmony, to hear music then novel in character, and charming as it was novel. At the urgent request of Brahms, Barnett set to music an operatic arrangement of the fine old comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." Through no defect in the music, but because the piece was ill suited to musical purposes, it failed on its first appearance. The composer had no time for the composition of an Overture, and borrowed for the occasion Weber's brilliant Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits," then comparatively unknown. The critics were severe upon the Opera, and the *Post* pronounced the Overture to be the "worst part" of it. Having, by diligent study, patient perseverance, and practice, acquired considerable experience in the technical arrangement of dramatic music, Barnett, with ardent ambition, and high aims, awaited his opportunity to exhibit the results of his ripened powers in the composition of an Opera of greater pretensions than he had as yet attempted. The opportunity was forthcoming in 1834.

It had been arranged by Arnold that Loder's "Nourjahad" should be immediately succeeded by an Opera by John Thompson, of Edinburgh, called "Hermann; or, the Broken Spear," the parts of which were already copied; but, through the irresistible influence of Henry Phillips, Arnold consented to lay it aside for John Barnett's "Mountain Sylph," which was in process of completion, and in which Phillips desired to sing. This charming Opera, the production of which marks an epoch in the lyric history of England, had, in its inception, assumed the miniature proportions of an Operetta. It was founded upon the subject of the Ballet, "La Sylphide," which was rendered famous, first in Paris, and afterwards in London, by the exquisite dancing of Mlle. Taglioni. With the growing expectations of the composer, and the prospect of its early appearance on the stage, the work increased in dimensions and importance, and the Operetta became an Opera. The Overture, which has since been entirely re-written, was completed only two days before its performance. The Opera, ably supported by Miss Romer as the Sylph, Wilson, the Scotch tenor, as Donald, and Henry Phillips as the Wizard, gained an immense success. The several scenes in which the dramatic interest of the plot is developed are enriched by characteristic and effective music; and in like manner is the entire action of the Opera supported. Macfarren describes the "Mountain Sylph" as "an Opera in the modern form, in which the music throughout illustrates the action; in which an extensive technical design embodies a continuous dramatic expression." The name of the composer, already distinguished as one of England's most able musicians, was rendered yet more renowned by the successful production of this, his first important Opera. The hundredth night of its performance was celebrated by a grand banquet, given by the manager to the composer, author, singers, and all the other principal persons who were engaged in its representation. Barnett's German proclivities, and the influence which the dramatic music of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, and Spohr had exercised upon his imagination, are clearly discernible in the construction of this Opera, the arrangement of its concerted vocal music, and his rich instrumental score. In availing himself of the experiences of the great foreign masters of his own time, as well as those of an earlier period, Barnett manifested a true comprehension of his vocation, while he exhibited a firm reliance on his own genius by adhering to a speciality of style, as transparent in his new, as it had been in his earlier compositions.

"Fair Rosamund" was Barnett's next great Opera, and it was also the first English Opera upon an English historical subject. It was composed in 1835, and produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under Bunn's management in 1837. It had a run of fifty nights. Many causes combined to deprive this able work of the complete success which its high merits should have secured. The composer, by skilfully interweaving with his own original music melodies and snatches of melody of the Old English national type, as in his "Mountain Sylph" he had combined ancient Scotch tunes—the scene of that Opera being laid among the Highlands of Scotland—had aimed at imparting a national tone to his national subjects. This intention was, in "Fair Rosamund," not justly apprehended. A Ballet, of nearly an hour's duration, introduced by the despotic will of Bunn, for the sole purpose, as it appeared, of engaging the

services of a numerous and expensive *corps de ballet*, wearied the audience. The nightly encore of a Madrigal, composed in imitation of the music of the sixteenth century, proved that, while the excellence of the composition was appreciated, the national love for the English part-music of olden times had not died out. Barnett produced his "Farinelli" at Drury Lane Theatre in 1839. The hero of the Opera, who was born in 1702, and died in 1782, was the most renowned male soprano singer of his time. By an apparently strange inconsistency, the part of "Farinelli" was given to Henry Phillips, the then best *bavitone*. A quarrel between Bunn and Phillips occasioned the retirement of the latter from the theatrical establishment, and the representation of "Farinelli" was entrusted to Michael Balfe, composer, singer, and lyric actor. By an unaccountable fit of nervousness and over-anxiety to succeed, he broke down on the first night of his appearance. It was, nevertheless, performed fifty or sixty times. Barnett's last Opera, "Kathleen," has never been performed, although it was rehearsed for performance at the St. James's Theatre, of which its composer was for a short period the proprietor. Barnett, from some unexplained cause, withdrew from the perilous position of theatrical manager a wiser, although a poorer man, having lost the savings of many years of unremitting professional labor. At the same time, retiring altogether from the metropolis, he established himself as a provincial teacher of singing at Cheltenham. Success having crowned his many years of persevering industry in his vocation, the now venerable composer and esteemed musician is, at the age of seventy-five years, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, yet not wholly unemployed, at his charming country residence near Cheltenham. For many years Barnett has preserved a kind of sullen musical silence. That his Operas should have been overlooked by those who have professed to uphold English Opera must seem as unaccountable to his countrymen and to strangers as it is discreditable to us as a musical nation.

George Alexander Macfarren has perhaps done more than any other composer to sustain the native Opera of England. He is not only an English composer, but a composer of English music. This is evidenced by his selection of subjects for some of his most important works: "Charles II." (1849), "Robin Hood" (1860), "She Stoops to Conquer" (1864), "Helvellyn" (1866), "May Day," and "Christmas." In the four Operas and two Cantatas above named, Macfarren has given to his music a local coloring, so to speak, suggestive of the Old English national associations he has desired to revive. The sports and pastimes of the middle ages in England, which the composer has dramatically introduced to the accompaniment of characteristic music in imitation of the ancient national festive dance-tunes of the period, have powerfully assisted to impress a special English character upon his national Operas. Macfarren's intimacy to acquaintance with every style of music of every country and period, his practical experience in every department of the musical art, and moreover his profound knowledge of all that relates to the national music of Great Britain and Ireland, have specially qualified this accomplished English musician to possess the musical belt of England as champion of her music and as the unflinching maintainer of its rights.

Macfarren was born in London in 1813, and received his musical training at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he is now the honored Principal. He was first brought to public notice as a dramatic composer in 1838, by the production of his "Devil's Opera." His next Opera, "Don Quixote," performed under the management of Bunn at Drury Lane Theatre in 1846, exhibited even higher musical and dramatic qualities than its predecessor, but, strange to relate, it did not obtain an equal popularity. An eminent musical critic, referring to the production of Macfarren's "Charles II.," remarks: "This was his first genuine English Opera, or, more strictly speaking, his first Opera built upon an English subject, and thus admitting a certain approximation to the English style of melody. That style, it must be understood, was essentially the old style; the influence of foreign dramatic music, German, French, and Italian, upon our composers, during a long series of years, having almost totally annihilated the legitimate English school which Bishop had been the last to enrich, and the first in his 'Aladdin' to repudiate. 'Charles II.' was a successful exemplification of how much could be effected by the aid of this national element, without in any way compromising the higher requisites of operatic forms." It

must be admitted that there exists no recognized modern English school of music, and that neither is there any modern foreign school worthy of admiration or adoption. No composer of any pretension to eminence in any country is now-a-days the follower of any particular school of music. He works now independently of all schools—he follows only the instincts of his nature, and the natural bent of his genius. Conventionism in music has burst its bonds. Music has become cosmopolitan. Nevertheless, by a moderate adherence to the style of our national English music, founded originally, no doubt, upon the tone, accent, and rhythm of our language, and by occasional reference to the acknowledged Old English school of music, a distinctive, special character may be given to one native compositions, when desirable, which may fairly claim to be genuine English music. Although it may be sensibly affected by a variety of influences, its national character may be thus not only preserved, but strengthened.

The English language is an aggregate of many foreign languages, in connection with the aboriginal. "There is, perhaps," says Max Müller, "no language so full of words evidently derived from the most distant sources, as English. Every country of the globe seems to have brought some of its verbal manufactures to the intellectual market of England. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Celtic, Saxon, Danish, French, Spanish, Italian, German—even Hindustani, Malay, and Chinese words, lie mixed together in the English language." It is not the less English on that account. Our language is enriched by the combination. In like manner our music, not being a servile imitation of any particular style, but, on the contrary, an amalgamation of all styles, may claim the wide privilege of our language, and be nevertheless essentially English. The thoughtful musician of every country, bee-like, should extract musical honey from the exotics of foreign lands, as well as from his native fruits and flowers. Thus he may form a style of his own; and, avoiding mannerism, impress an unmistakable individuality upon his works, as Gounod, Meyerbeer, Gluck, and others have done.

Macfarren's charming Opera, "Helvellyn," offers a perfect and practical illustration of the foregoing reflections. It is an Opera of the highest rank, which has too long been permitted to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." This genial work, as elegantly melodious as it is musically and dramatically classical, embodies with a large amount of passionately effective music, an undercurrent of pure English tune which imparts a national tone to its scene and subject. Limited space precludes the possibility of entering minutely into the merits of Macfarren's other Operas—which can only be briefly mentioned. The following are amongst the more important: "Robin Hood" (1860); "The Sleeper Awakened." This Opera, composed under promise of performance, which, however, did not take place, was produced as a Serenade, in 1850, at the National Concerts, held at Her Majesty's Theatre. Macfarren's smaller and earlier dramatic pieces are, "The Maid of Switzerland" (1832); "Genevieve" (1834); "I and my Double" (1835); "The Old Oak-tree" (1835)—the three latter Operas were represented at the English Opera House—"Love among the Roses" (1839), at the St. James's Theatre; "Agnes Bernauer," at Covent Garden Theatre (1839); "Emblematic Tributes," a Masque for Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Wedding, at Drury Lane Theatre; and "Freny's Gift," a Masque for the Prince of Wales's Wedding, at Covent Garden Theatre.

William Sterndale Bennett was not a composer of Operas. It is said that George Linley offered to write a libretto for him. "But I must have no drinking chorus," said Bennett. He received the book, which began thus: "Act I. Scene I. Soldiers discovered singing and drinking." The composer read no further, and closed the book. Only some of the most prominent workers in the domain of English Opera have been mentioned in the foregoing account of its history. In the next, and concluding chapter, other British Opera-composers and their productions will be noticed.

[To be Continued.]

Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace.

(From the London Times.)

June 26th.

The Handel Festival began yesterday afternoon at the Crystal Palace with, according to custom, *The Messiah*. There was an enormous audience—

more numerous, it is stated, than that of 1874, on the same occasion. At two o'clock precisely Sir Michael Costa was at his post, and the first chords from the orchestra gave fair promise of what kind of performance was to be expected. The prelude, which would seem to have little or nothing in common with that which comes after, is a masterpiece all the same. So vast a body of stringed instruments as we are used to at the Handel Festival is calculated to give real significance to the fugal movement, and to satisfy those not placed so far off as to disable them from following its development with interest. The appealing recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," quite in another strain, and its joyous sequel, "Every valley shall be exalted," were given by Mr. Cummings with so much genuine artistic feeling that we were sorry to see nothing else set down for him in this or the other two programmes of the Festival. As the overture had already displayed the qualities of the instrumental force, so did the bright and vigorous chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," set forth the strength and excellent training of the host of singers, men and women, summoned from all parts of the country to take an active part in this periodical tribute to the genius of Handel. What was here promised, it may be stated without further preamble, was carried out to the end. "For unto us a child is born" was, as it seldom fails to be, a conspicuous feature; and side by side with this may be named "His yoke is easy," which brought the first section of the oratorio effectively to a close. In the ensuing part, which treats of the "Passion" of the Redeemer, and contains some of the noblest of Handel's choral pieces, the superb series beginning with "Behold the Lamb of God," continued, after the temporary interruption of the contralto air, "He was despised and rejected of men," by "Surely He hath borne our griefs," and ending with "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (set, like other passages to the text of Isaiah), was in every sense remarkable. The solemn theme of the fugue, "And with His stripes we are healed" (so like one in the *Requiem* of Mozart), was given out and answered with a steadiness, and the wonderfully animated "All we like sheep have gone astray"—arraigned by some of Handel's critics as undignified (!)—with a precision and marked accent which only such a conductor as Sir Michael Costa could have any chance of obtaining from a body of executants, vocal and instrumental, counting in thousands. Equally imposing was "He trusted in God that He would deliver Him"—another majestic fugue, in which may be detected, if such a thing can possibly be in music, a certain expression of irony. About "Lift up your heads," with its continually reiterated query, "Who is the King of Glory?" (as Handel quaintly accentuates it), and of the magnificent "Hallelujah!" it is enough to say that both were irreproachably delivered from first to last. To have done with the choruses, which at no previous Handel Festival have been sung with more level excellence, we may conclude by saying that "Worthy is the Lamb," with its glorious sequel, "Amen!"—which perhaps more than any other choral piece in existence conveys the idea of a multitude simultaneously employed in the act of thanksgiving and praise—was a glorious climax to the whole.

The solo singers, in addition to Mr. Cummings, who has been mentioned, were Mdlle. Albani, Meadames Edith Wynne and Patey, Herr Henschel, Measra. Santley and Vernon Rigby. Mdlle. Albani, who, more than once at our country festivals, has shown her proficiency in Handel, gave further evidence of this by her singing on the present occasion. "Rejoice greatly" and "How beautiful are the feet" are airs of a widely different character; but both had been studied with earnestness, and in both the gifted lady was eminently successful. In "Come unto Him" Mdlle. Albani had to follow that experienced Handelian singer, Mdlme. Patey, whose first verse, "He shall feed His flock," created a deep impression. The two singers were well matched—which is paying a deserved compliment to each of them. Mdlme. Patey had much more set down for her, and, among other things, the pathetic air, "He was despised;" and with what genuine expression she gave it our musical readers need scarcely be informed. The Passion music, beginning with "All they that see Him" and ending with "But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell," together with the trying air, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," was assigned to Mr. Vernon Rigby, who has rarely sung better or entered with more spirit into his work. Mr. Santley gave "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" and "The trumpet

shall sound" (*trumpet obbligato*, Mr. T. Harper) as only Mr. Santley can. The other bass music, including "The people that walked in darkness," fell to the share of that intelligent artist, Herr Henschel, and—last, not least—Mdme. Edith Wynne undertook the soprano music in the third part of the oratorio, including that most devotional of all songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to which she imparted the true feeling. Sir Michael Costa conducted with all his wonted energy, and Mr. Willing presided with ability at the organ.

June 28th.

The second day of the festival, the programme of which, according to custom, consisted of a miscellaneous series of pieces, sacred and secular—the sacred, as it might have been expected, preponderating—was, so far as the attendance was concerned, even more successful than that of 1874. Nearly 7,000 non-subscribers, added to between 13,000 and 14,000 holders of season tickets, brought the number of visitors up to a total of 20,343. That the extremely favorable weather had something to do with this cannot be doubted; but at the same time it must be admitted that the selection was unusually varied and interesting. The opening piece was the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, which, sonorous and brilliant enough as it stands in the original score, is made trebly so by the orchestral adjuncts deemed requisite on these special occasions, and supplied with the utmost skill by Sir Michael Costa. A more effective performance could hardly have been desired; and the spirit-stirring march which forms its climax was unanimously encored. The overture was followed by "The King shall rejoice," perhaps the grandest of the four Anthems written for the Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline (October, 1737). The imposing introductory chorus, and the final "Hallelujah," a fugue on two themes, which, though comparatively brief, is in Handel's finest manner, were both given with admirable precision. There were other choral pieces in the first section of the programme not merely noticeable on their own account, but because of the admirable manner in which they were executed by the vast company of singers under Sir Michael Costa's direction. Among these may be named "Sing, O ye heavens," from the too unfamiliar oratorio, *Belsazar*, comprising another "Hallelujah" (in the fugal style), which, though also brief, is in the most original style of the composer—as the curious second interval of the second theme, added to the ingenious development of the whole, suffices to show. About the magnificent hymn of glorification, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," one of the grandest passages in *Samson*—an oratorio which Handel is said to have placed even before the *Messiah*, its immediate predecessor, we need only state that never in our remembrance has it been more superbly rendered. Here, again, we have a multitude in praise, and Handel giving expression to the universal enthusiasm with a power in which he has never found an equal. We scarcely know whether most to admire, in this chorus, the simplicity of its construction or its amazing power. "Glory to God," from *Joshua*, with its powerfully impressive second part—"The nations tremble"—was also a conspicuous feature in the first part of the programme. Among the striking choral displays of the second was "Galatea, dry thy tears," from the most touching and graceful of musical pastorals. "Tyrants now no more," from *Hercules*, a secular oratorio, which Mr. Henry Leslie, following the precedent set by Herr Joachim in Berlin, has been endeavoring to resuscitate, and "The dead shall live," from the *Ode to St. Cecilia*, equally call for mention. The peroration to the chorus from *Hercules*, "Horrid forms of monstrous birth," with its mysterious sequel, "The world's avenger is no more," forms one of those characteristic and impressive episodes of which Handel has given so many remarkable examples. We have only to add that all the choruses thus enumerated, besides others, to comment upon which in succession would be superfluous, were rendered in such a manner as to sustain the well-earned credit of the Handel Festival singers; and that almost in each particular they were thoroughly appreciated.

Among the other orchestral excerpts were the overture to *Athalie*—which it would be both interesting and instructive to compare with that of Mendelssohn—and marches from *Joshua* and *Judas Maccabaeus*—each of short duration, but each more or less imposing. One of the most important instrumental performances of the day, however, was that of the grand concerto in B flat, for organ with orchestral accompaniments, the solo part in which was given in masterly style, with faultless mechan-

ism and genuine expression, by Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool, an artist who has long deservedly ranked among the leading organists of Europe. Mr. Best, who, in playing Handel, knows how to employ the modern resources at his command so as not in any way to interfere with the design of the piece or the character of the music, was never more successful than on this occasion. In the first *allegro* he introduced a *cadenza* of his own, chiefly constructed upon the theme of the succeeding movement, and here he displayed to the full his remarkable executive power. The applause that followed was not less unanimous than well deserved.

The solo singers were Mesdames Adelina Patti, Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, and Santley, to all of whom some familiar pieces were assigned. Mdme. Patti, who received a most cordial greeting, showed her appreciation of the compliment by singing both the airs set down for her to absolute perfection. The first of these was "Let the bright Seraphim," from *Samson* (*trumpet obbligato*, Mr. T. Harper); the second was "From mighty Kings" (*Judas Maccabaeus*). Each was followed by loud and continued applause, which in the last instance was so prolonged that, at a signal from Sir Michael Costa, Mdme. Patti came back to the orchestra and repeated the whole. Another marked success was achieved by Mr. Lloyd with "Love in her eyes sits playing" (*Acis and Galatea*), which evoked unanimous and well-merited applause; another by Mr. Vernon Rigby, in "Call forth thy powers" (*Judas*); another by Mdme. Patey, with "In the battle fame pursuing" (from *Deborah*), accompanied on the organ by Mr. Willing; and another by Mr. Santley, in "Nasca al bosco" (from the Italian opera *Azio*). Mdme. Sherrington sang "Heart, thou seat of soft delight" (*Acis*), with the most refined taste; Mr. Santley, as might have been expected, gave appropriate devotional feeling to the air, "How willing my paternal love"; and Signor Foli threw all his well-known vigor into "Honor and arms scorn such a foe," the giant Harappa's contemptuous defiance of Samson. In fact, the solo singers without exception did their best, and the well-known trio, with semi-chorus and chorus, "See the conqu'ring hero comes" (*Joshua*), in which the leading vocal parts were sustained by Mesdames Sherrington, Clara Suter, and Patey, formed an imposing climax.

The Institutions of Leipzig.—Its Conservatory of Music.

[Special Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, June 21, 1877. There may not be many cities in Germany that are not either connected with some prominent historical event, or associated with some famous person, or recorded in history as being the location of some remarkable building or institution. Weimar, for instance, that little town in Thüringen—does it not instantly suggest the names of Carl August, Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland? Salzburg and Mozart. Eisenach and Luther. Nürnberg and Hans Sachs, are inseparably united. Tübingen, Halle and Heidelberg have their universities; Cologne, Strassburg and Ulm their cathedrals; Dresden, Munich and Düsseldorf their galleries of art. Leipzig, too, forms no exception; the university, royal conservatory, opera house, art gallery Auerbach's Keller (immortalized in Goethe's *Faust*), the Gewandhaus concerts, the city in which many distinguished in literature, science and the arts have sojourned—these and much more have given the city a prominence and an importance second to none.

The university and the conservatory, with their thousands of students, are two mighty educational establishments, exercising an influence and achieving results which have made themselves felt all over the civilized world.

To the conservatory, which has only recently become a State institution, while it has always been under the direct patronage of the King of Saxony, I wish to refer more directly. A large proportion of its students is composed of Americans, and I think it is safe to assert that a majority of the more prominent musicians in the United States have acquired their education in this conservatory. I will only mention Dresel, Perabo, Petersilea, Listemann and Hennig in Boston; Mills, Mason and Morgan in New York; Zeckwer and Guhlmann in Philadelphia.

The conservatory was planned and organized by Mendelssohn in 1843. He was thoroughly in earnest; sincerely of purpose and devotion to art were his characteristic qualities. Hence what was not strictly consistent

with purity in art and science was rigidly excluded from the institution, and, with this principle adhered to, it has realized a success which has far over-reached even the most daring expectations. With Mendelssohn's death, on the 4th day of November, 1847, it lost its dearest friend. It must not be forgotten, however, that other artists too have labored zealously and faithfully in its behalf. From 1843 to the present time the following have been the professors: Robert and Clara Schumann, Moscheles, Hauptmann, David, Gade, Joachim, Rietz, Hiller, R. Dreyschock, Brendel, Hegar, Davidoff, Plaidy, Wenzel, Richter, Röntgen, Reinecke, Parritz, Coccia, Lübeck, Grützmacher, Götz, Hermann, Hofer, Grabau, Becker, Böhme, Sachse, Kienzle, Schradieck, Schröder, Paul, Jadassohn, Grill, Glockner, Schimon-Regan, Weidenbach, Jr., Plutti, Lammers, Zwintscher, Maas, Klesse, Werder and Rebling.

The instructors of the conservatory when it was first opened were:

Mendelssohn—Composition and piano.

David, Kienzle and Sachse—Violin.

Gade—Harmony and composition.

Hauptmann—Harmony and counterpoint.

Moscheles—Piano and composition.

Plaidy and Wenzel—Piano.

Böhme—Vocal music.

Brendel—Musical lectures.

Neumann—Italian language.

Richter—Harmony and instrumentation.

Of these only Wenzel and Prof. Richter remain, Hauptmann (died 1868), Moscheles (died 1870) and David (died 1872) were three of the strongest pillars of the conservatory for upwards of a quarter of a century. Hauptmann, the distinguished author of "Harmonik und Metrik," and of many beautiful compositions, mostly of a vocal nature, was a man richly endowed with bright gifts both of the mind and of the heart; his great and comprehensive learning made him the greatest theoretician of the century, while his beautiful character, his unaffected simplicity and modesty of manner, his large kind-heartedness, his truly childlike spirit, endeared him to the hearts of all, and especially to those who had the good fortune to stand in a nearer relation to him either as pupil or friend. The man and the musician are clearly exemplified in his "Briefe an Hauser," a book warmly to be recommended to all who wish to come in spiritual contact with a noble character.

David's loss was, perhaps, most severely felt. He was the founder of a school of violinists, which combined the elegance of the French with the solidity of the German methods; his pupils form the bone and sinew of every orchestra in Germany.

The Conservatory numbers at the present time about 340 students, who are taught by twenty professors. The number of classes: 14 for vocal music; 87 for piano; 4 for organ; 20 for violin and viola; 6 for violoncello, and 2 for elocution.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Miss Kellogg on Japanese Music.

The midsummer holiday number of *Scribner's Monthly* contains an interesting paper on this subject by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, together with three melodies, two of which she heard played by a Japanese troupe of Jugglers in New York. She says:

Several years ago, when the troupe of Japanese jugglers were in New York, I happened to remain in town late in the season, and attended a number of the remarkable entertainments given by them at the Academy of Music. The only drawback to my enjoyment of their wonderful feats with ladder, pole, tubs, butterflies, etc.,—and especially those of little All-Right and his father—was the exceedingly harsh and disagreeable noise made by the Japanese orchestra, consisting of five performers seated on the floor at the rear of the stage. But one night—after having attended these performances ten or twelve times—I made what was to me a most curious and interesting discovery. At the moment when little All-Right was performing on the pole, which was supported in a socket attached to a belt around his father's waist—in the midst of the strange sounds made by the orchestra and by the man himself, who was coolly playing on a "samseng" while balancing the boy in mid air,—I suddenly noticed a melody, at first indistinct, but afterward assuming definite shape as I was able to shut out the discordant accompaniment. After listening intently during several performances, I at last succeeded in following the air and in getting it by heart. Once after this, when little All-Right came to see me with the interpreter of the troupe, I took his forefinger in my hand and made him play the melody on the piano. He recognized it at once,—although separated from the dreadful sounds he was accustomed to hear with it,—and cried out delightedly in Japanese: "O, that is what my father plays when I am up on the pole!" I met little All-right again in London, and became quite well acquainted with the boy. He had great pride in his profession, and he and his father were grieved at the ac-

cident which happened to the youth during the season in New York, not so much on account of the personal injury, but because a fall during a performance brought such mortification to them as artists. I had desired, while the troupe was in London, to gather more of their melodies, and expressed my regret at the absence of the native orchestra. All Right replied that their music was so widely objected to that it had been withdrawn. I was not surprised at this, for the same feeling prevailed in this country, and was shared at first by myself.

What shall I say of this melody? It is perfect in construction, original, beautifully simple, full of sentiment, and suggestive of touching words. The accent of the first two bars is remarkable, inasmuch as I have never met a musician who was able to annotate it at once, although I have repeated it to some of the most accomplished musical writers, both in this country and in Europe. A distinguished London critic did not hesitate to declare the melody worthy of Beethoven.

After giving the melodies, Miss Kellogg says in conclusion:

I would like to awaken an interest in the music of the Japanese. Judging from the melodies I have given, there should be here a wealth of suggestion to the artistic musician. A company of performers, such as visited this country, would not be likely to make use of the highest order of music. I assume, therefore, that these must be popular melodies, of which a prominent London critic justly remarks that however much they may enter into the national life, as being the spontaneous utterance of popular feeling, "they are not art, but rather the material upon which it is the province of art to build." Have the Japanese any higher development in music, or is it all simple, direct and suggestive, like their poetry and their decorative art? Certainly there is a resemblance between these three melodies and the poetry, especially of the Japanese, in the qualities of artfulness and finish.

The "Old Cabinet" adds what follows:

We fear that even musical readers will find it difficult to properly reproduce in sound the first of the three Japanese melodies printed in this number. When rendered with the delicacy and precision with which Miss Kellogg herself sings it, the song has a peculiar charm. It is to be hoped that some one will be able to supply the words which belong to it,—if, indeed, there are any. Since Miss Kellogg's little paper has been put in type, the author of it has read an essay in two parts on "Japanese Music and Musical Instruments," in the June number of *The Leisure Hour*, which has just arrived from London. The *Leisure Hour* essay, by Mr. Samuel Mossman, is based upon a German treatise by Dr. Müller, which appeared in the journal of the German Asiatic Society. An introductory letter is given in *The Leisure Hour* by Professor Lyle, of the Imperial University of Yedo. The article in *Leisure Hours* closes with the poem published by Mr. Stoddard in *Scribner* for October, 1876, and entitled "The Flown Bird." This is called by Mr. Mossman "a translation." The beautiful refrain "I have forgotten to forget" is Japanese, and so is most of the imagery, but the story is the poet's own.

Miss Kellogg writes with regard to Mr. Mossman's interesting and able paper: "This writer does not do justice to the beauty of their melodies. Either he has been unfortunate, or I have been particularly fortunate in the selections heard. The two given you by me play perfectly on our scale." The third melody is copied literally from M. De Rosny's work.

BERLIN. The Royal Operahouse closed on the 23rd June. From the 1st September, 1876, up to that date, there were 219 operatic performances. This number does not include a morning performance of Grisar's opera, *Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalon*, but it does include the plays with music, such as *Struensee, Presiosa, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Manfred*, etc. The performances were furnished by 47 works of 29 composers. The novelties were: *Die Folkunger*, 5 acts, Kretschmer; *Der Widersprüchige Zähmung*, 4 acts, Götz; *Genoveva*, 4 acts, Robert Schumann; and *Der König hat gesagt* (*Le Roi l'a dit*), 3 acts, Delibes. The following is the respective number of times the different operas were represented:—12 times: *Lohengrin*, 10 times: *Der Widersprüchige Zähmung*, *Tannhäuser*, *R. Trovatore*, 9 times: *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, 8 times: *La Fille du Regiment*, *Fidelio*, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, 7 times: *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Guillaume Tell*, 6 times: *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Die Folkunger*, *Le Prophète*, 5 times: *Die Macabäer*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Genoveva*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Les Huguenots*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, 4 times: *Iphigénie en Tauride*, *La Muette*, 3 times: *Fernando Cortez*, *Mignon*, *Cesarino*, *Le Roi l'a dit*, *Euryanthe*, *Joseph en Egypte*, *Hamlet*, *L'Africaine*, *Stradella*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *Martha*, *La Dame Blanche*. Twice: *Armida*, *Rienzi*, *Aida*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Le Porteur d'Eau*, *Oberon*, *La Juive*, *Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalon*. Once: *Jessonda*.

The order of the composers ranged according to the number of performances is: R. Wagner, 37 performances, with 6 works; Mozart, 17, with 3; Meyerbeer, 15, with 4; Weber, 14, with 3; Verdi, 12, with 2; Auber, 10, with 3; Götz, 10, with 1; Gounod, 9, with 1; Beethoven, Brüll, and Donizetti, 8, with 1; Rossini, 7, with 1; Gluck, and Thomas, 6, with 2; Kretschmer, 6, with 1; Flotow, 6, with 2; Rubinstein, Schumann, and Nicolai, 5, with 1; Spontini, Adam, Delibes, Talbert, Méhul, and Boieldieu, 3, with 1; Grisar, Halévy, and Cherubini, 2, with 1; and Spohr, 1, with 1.—*London Musical World*.

themes of a great movement, one after another, have been thoroughly exhausted in the statement, (shown up in different lights and aspects, etc.), so that the hearer has become fully conscious of them, does the composer undertake to interweave and bind them together, in order thus to gain new tone formations. Take a Fugue of J. S. Bach; how plastically clear it is all the time, even if it has several subjects! The concluding Fugue in the C-major Symphony of Mozart (the "Jupiter,") the finales in several of Haydn's Symphonies,—with what satisfaction one listens to them, although the most complicated contrapuntal art is hidden in them! The fault of Wagner's manner lies not in the thematic work as such, but in his way of treating a countless heap of motives never fully carried out. When a motive meets us in a composition of the normal stamp, we enjoy it as a purely musical part of the work. When Beethoven said of the famous motive of the Fifth Symphony: "So knocks Fate at the door!" it is very certain that the expression did not occur to him until some time afterward and perhaps only by accident. When he worked upon it, he only sought to carry a happy musical thought artistically through; surely he had no notion then of Fate knocking at the door. What folly it would be, what torment, to seek for every motive an idea, and always be obliged to say to oneself: Now comes the motive of the Rose, and now that of the Sun, and now that of the Shooting Star! That would just annihilate all high and serious Art enjoyment. Through itself, and not through its relations to things and objects of the outward world, must instrumental music work.

"A motive is scarcely able in itself to express a feeling, an emotion of the heart with definiteness; it can represent neither joy nor sorrow, neither pleasure nor pain; still less can it designate an activity, a person, a thing. In the extreme case natural sounds may be imitated in the play of tones: the croaking of the frog, the roar of the bull, the crowing of the cock, the trill of the nightingale, the roll of thunder; but motives of the primeval element, of reflection, of ill humor, or the dream of revenge, of murder, of paternal joy, etc., belong to the realm of madness.

"In general, the significance of a motive can be approximately understood only when the explaining word has already entered. Wagner has invented very ingeniously formed motives for the flickering of flame, for the groping about of giants. But we should never have known that this was the composer's intention, if it had not been first explained to us; the motives in themselves would suit many other ideas quite as well. How much it is requiring of the hearer! Before he can form a judgment for himself, he must first study the old German mythology in general, then the Nibelungen legends in particular; he must read the text book (libretto) and learn it almost by heart; must make himself familiar with the peculiar sound-symbolism of the poem, the alliterative *Stabreim*; and finally (by no means the least of sorrows) he must play through the pianoforte arrangements, and then make himself master of (according to Wolzogen) more than ninety musical *Leit-motive*, and the name and meaning of each one of them!

"In the regular practice a motive is the product of a dramatic situation, and changes as this changes. With Wagner it is different; he makes it a far more convenient matter for himself both as to the invention and the composition. Every person receives from him a motive to take with him on the way; whenever he is spoken of, whenever he comes near, you always hear his motive. One who is initiated may thereby anticipate who will next come upon the stage. In the same way the different groups,

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1877.

Musical "Motives" and Wagner's "Leit-Motive."

We trust no one who is interested in the Wagner question will fail to read what we translate to-day, on the first page, from the conclusion of Herr Schletterer's Bayreuth letters. After attending the performance of the *Walküre* here last April, we ventured to jot down a few of our own impressions, and point out several peculiar features of the Wagner music-drama which interfered with real musical enjoyment. Among these were the lack of *human* interest in the mythological and monstrous subject of the drama; the subordination of music to poetry, and very artificial poetry, full of alliterations and conceits; the long spun recitative instead of melody; the poverty of musical ideas, susceptible of development; the utter want of repose, of all symmetrical and rounded form, etc., etc. And particularly one element, which has been much celebrated as a wonderful new means both of characterization and of unity, the continual employment of *Leit-motive* ("leading motives") which we described as "musically irrelevant little phrases heard in the instruments at each allusion to a character or incident in the drama They cross and interrupt the natural flow of the music at almost every instant; listening *musically*, you cannot feel that they have any right there; for they do not develop, they are only skilfully forced in; instead of musical ideas, they are simply labels, tags and badges: exasperating bores," etc.—We have been pleased to find that we are not alone in these views; they have been far more strongly urged by critics and musicians of the first authority, men like Hiller, Ambros, Hanlick, and that too after a much deeper study and hearing of the works than was within our power. On this point the Ausburg critic has written more fully than any of them, especially in an earlier chapter of his little volume, from which we venture to translate the following paragraphs.

"One peculiarity in Wagner's music-dramas, which not only begets a sense of exhaustion and satiety, but makes it a positive pain to listen, is his way of working with *motives*. A large musical creation, to be sure, is inconceivable without thematic working up. But our great masters always build their most comprehensive instrumental movements out of a very few, say three, or four themes at the most. How imperceptible often in the immortal masterworks (justly so called) of musical Art, is the motive germ or kernel; and with what delight, increasing from bar to bar, we listen to the development of such unpretending series of tones, such outwardly modest musical thoughts!

"What is the reason of this remarkable phenomenon? Each motive, for itself alone, finds a complete and satisfactory development, and rounds itself off into a whole. And only when the different

—the Rhine daughters, the Walhalla associates, the Nibelungen, the Walsungs, the Walküries, the Norns, the Children of Gibich, the Nixes—are furnished with motives, and for every special emergency such are established. There is also a motive for love's deliverance, for the dream of revenge and the conspiracy for revenge, for the instrument of murder, the law of expiation, heroic love, the world's greeting, the world's inheritance, for the zest of love, of life and travelling abroad, etc. The *Rheingold* and *Walküre* have each 30, *Siegfried* has 22, and the *Götterdämmerung* 18 such motives. There are fewer original motives in the last parts, because those of the earlier parts are continually repeated in the last.

"At first sight this clinging to fixed motives seems rich in suggestion, since by this means threads of like thoughts are interwoven through the whole work, knitting all its parts together. But Wagner's way of always coupling certain motives with certain persons and events checks the free flow of the musical development, ties the veins of invention, on which after all depends the value of a musical work. However ingeniously he may have been able out of such small tone-pictures to construct four great works, we retain for the most part only the wearisome impression of this petty play with tones, and seldom that of an imagination dealing freely with the means of Art. For the great public—and we must consider that the number of intelligent, appreciative hearers of a stage piece is always small—these over-ingenuous thematic interweavings are thrown away at any rate; the public always will come back to the demand for clear and naturally developed melodies, will crave organic forms, with parts clearly bounded and defined.

"But not alone the superficial hearer, he also who knows how to hear, who follows with a true interest and knowledge of the subject, will soon be wearied and exhausted by this unnatural thematic mosaic. All the time one is forced to ask himself: Motive, what do you want of me? When, for example, in *Der Freyschütz*, Samiel appears, and the music marks his entrance by certain well known strains, these always keep themselves subordinate. They do not interrupt the free current of the vocal melody, nor do they disturb the formal shaping of the musical piece as such. The hearer receives a hint through the music to direct his attention to something or other, but he is not thereby distracted from the feeling of the whole. The older masters employed such recurring motives with great prudence and with admirable self-control, although they were not less skilful, and in practical questions certainly not less clear-sighted than Wagner. If the nearly one hundred motives, which form the musical skeleton of the *Nibelungen-Ring*, would always come back in their simple shape, our ear and understanding might at last be able to satisfy their demands. But they not only run through every key—which also might be endured,—they change the rhythm, are stretched out and contracted, are inverted and crumbled into bits, are bound together again piecemeal or decomposed into atoms; and now the hearer, who wishes at the same time to watch the action, to understand the words, and listen to the singing, whose senses are laid claim to in the greatest variety of ways, has also got to follow this pricking, spurring, never resting motive-chase in the instrumentation, which is continually chief spokesman in this music. That seems to be requiring too much, so long as the idea of Art *labor* has not stepped into the place of Art *enjoyment*.

"Notwithstanding that Wagner means wonders in the characterization of his figures, when he hangs a motive round the neck of every one of them, yet they are essentially all alike. To be sure, all tone-

colors stand ready at his bidding: bright and sombre, friendly and terrible, earnest and passionate, he can depict all admirably in music; but all these shades and gradations of outward or of inward situations lie in the orchestra, he paints only with instruments, too little through the voices. But in this way one can portray no character in its individuality from within. Only through the *motive*, which has to play the part of a certificate of identity, have we ever any hint of whom we have before us. Verily henceforth the *Leit-motive* should be printed after every person's name upon the playbill. How wholly differently the masters of the Art conceived of musical characterization! Agatha and Aennchen, Max and Caspar, we need to hear only the first tones of their arias to know what stuff each is made of. And then Sarastro and Papageno, Pamina and the Queen of Night, Tamino, Belmonte and Don Ottavio, Leporello and Don Juan, Donna Anna, Zerlina and Elvira, Florestan and Pizarro, Fidelio and Marcellina,—are these too, like the forms of Wagner, mere musical phantoms? Each of the above named persons sings in the way corresponding to his nature and character, and yet always differently as often as he sings, and always intelligibly and always musically; and even in the dark, without electric flashes, we know with whom we have to do. And here too we can recognize already from the *ritornello* of the orchestra who is about to take up the word, not through a *Leit-motive*, but through the always pregnant and sharply characteristic musical thought.

"In this alone resides for us the essence of characteristic music, and he who can shape out a work of Art in this sense, he is in our eyes a master of Art. In Wagner's works one might often without injury exchange the roles. Fricka could take Wotan's songs, Brunhild could appear in place of Siegfried, and so on. Wagner knows only declamatory accents, and by means of these he seeks to give different tones to the angry man, the flatterer, etc. But this is understood of course and has nothing properly to do with the dramatic characterization. Only the vindictive Alberich, the gloomy Hagen, the volatile Loge, the giant brothers, and above all, Mime, the clumsy dwarf, betray in their ways of song certain peculiar traits which are somewhat characteristic in our sense, but which, to make them available, depend very much on the artistic conception of the performer for the time; while on the contrary a Caspar, a Leporello are not to be annihilated, even if they be ever so poorly sung; as indeed the *Freyschütz* on the most wretched stage and with the most pitiable singers is sure to produce a certain effect. The poorest copy of a Raphael Madonna will always in certain traits reveal the divine sublimity and beauty of the original. But take away from one of Wagner's operas the first-rate singers, the admirable orchestra, the gorgeous frame, and what is left? Or compare the enjoyment which mere pianoforte arrangements of the classical operas can afford, with the cheerless labor of playing through those of Wagner!"

RUSKIN'S DEFINITION OF "CLASSIC." In the Preface to the first number of his "Bibliotheca Pastorum," (a series of classical works to form a Library for the People—this first one being a translation of "The Economist" of Xenophon), Mr. John Ruskin begins with defining the word "classic" as applied to books. Does not the definition apply also to Music and all works of Art? He says:

"The word 'classic,' when justly applied to a book, means that it contains an unchanging truth, expressed as clearly as it was possible for any of the men living at the time when the book was written, to express it.

"'Unchanging' or 'eternal' truth, is that which relates to constant,—or at least in our human experience constant,—things; and which, therefore, though foolish men may long lose sight of it, re-

mains the same through all their neglect, and is again recognized as inevitable and unalterable, when their fit of folly is past.

"The books which in a beautiful manner, whether enigmatic or direct, contain statements of such fact, are delighted in by all careful and honest readers; and the study of them is a necessary element in the education of wise and good men, in every age and country.

"Every nation which has produced highly trained Magi, or wise men, has discerned, at the time when it most flourished, some part of the great system of universal truth, which it was then, and only then, in the condition to discern completely; and the books in which it recorded that part of truth remain established for ever; and cannot be superseded: so that the knowledge of mankind, though continually increasing, is built, pinnacle after pinnacle, on the foundation of those adamantine stones of ancient soul. And it is the law of progressive human life that we shall not build in the air; but on the already high-storied temple of the thoughts of our ancestors; in the crannies and under the eaves of which we are meant, for the most part, to nest ourselves like swallows; though the stronger of us sometimes may bring, for increase of height, some small white stone, and in the stone a new name written. Which is indeed done, by those ordered to such masonry, without vainly attempting the review of all that has been known before; but never without modest submission to the scheme of the eternal wisdom; nor ever in any great degree, except by persons trained reverently in some large portion of the wisdom of the past."

New England Conservatory of Music.

The annual Commencement exercises were held on Friday afternoon, June 29, at Boston Music Hall, when the 57th concert of the Conservatory was given in the presence of an invited audience which completely filled the hall. The performances, vocal and instrumental, were by the graduating and other pupils, assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club as orchestra. The following programme, much of which was excellently rendered, shows the aim of the instruction to be classical and high.

Grand Quartet in G minor.....Mozart
Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and Cello,
Miss Alice L. Jones and Mendelssohn Club.

Aria—"So shall the lute and harp awake".....Handel
(From Oratorio of *Judas Macabeus*)
Mrs. A. F. Hervey

Quartet, Op. 16. Piano, Violin, Viola and Cello,
Beethoven
Andante cantabile—Rondo.

Miss Mary C. Kellogg and Mendelssohn Club.
Duet—"Mighty Jove".....Rosini
Mrs. Cora A. Sheldon and Miss Stella Guilford.

Fourth Concerto, in G minor.....Beethoven
(Accompanied by a second Piano and Orchestra)
First movement,
Miss Luis McWatty.

Organ Sonata in B flat major.....Mendelssohn
Master Edward Lamb.

Third Concerto in C minor.....Beethoven
(Accompanied by second Piano and Quintette Club.)
Miss Cora Battelle.

*Recitative and Cavatina. "Ma la sola ohime!
son'io"*.....Bellini
Mrs. Abbie B. Carrington.

Organ Solo. Prelude and Fugue in E minor.....Bach
Mr. Jas. H. Howe.

Recitative and Aria. "Batti Batt!".....Mozart
Mrs. Emilie Knowlton.

Quintet, Op. 44. Piano, first and second Violins,
Viola and Cello.....Schumann
Miss Mattle J. Brooks and Mendelssohn Club.

Air with Variations. "Stelle amate".....Proch
Miss Lizzie F. Kimball.

Pianoforte Solo. Poissonaise in E flat.....Chopin
Miss Mattle Young.

Organ Solo. Religious March.....Gullmant
Miss Alma Faunce.

Vocal Waltz. "Poter arcan".....Marchesi
Miss Addie G. Smith.

Grand Trio in D minor. Piano, Violin and Cello,
Mendelssohn
Miss Anna L. Howes and Orchestra.

Organ Solo. Postlude in G.....Whiting
Mr. C. L. Brigham.

Soprano Trios. *a. "First violets of April"*.....Hauptmann
b. "The Winter hath not a blossom".....C. Reinecke

c. "Cuckoo".....F. Hiller
Mrs. A. F. Hervey, Mrs. Lizzie R. Spaulding and
Miss Angie Merritt.

After the musical exercises were concluded, Dr. Towner presented diplomas to the following graduates: Miss Cora Battelle, Miss Maria J. Brooks, Mrs. A. F. Hervey, Miss Anna L. Howes, Miss Alice L. Jones, Miss Mary C. Kellogg, Miss Angie Merritt, Miss Luis McWatty, Miss Margaret S. Noyes, Miss Ida Rosenfeld, Miss Mary J. Stevenson, Mrs. Lizzie R. Spaulding, Miss Mattle Young. Twenty-three others were named as having taken a partial course. The fall term of the New England Conservatory of Music will begin September 10, 11 and 12. Several new and important departments have been added to the institution.

Nilsson, the Prima Donna.

Madame Nilsson, who has recently been making fresh triumphs in London, is the subject of some very just strictures from the critic of the *Hornet*. She is, says he, beyond question the most gifted of our leading sopranis. This position she has made good, notwithstanding the most serious technical deficiencies, by the force of her inborn dramatic instinct, and the charm of a voice whose beauty asserts itself in spite of a most destructive method of production, the effects of which are but too obvious toward the conclusion of her performance in those operas which demand constant and severe exertion from the representative of the heroine. Nor are her vocal circumstances without a parallel in her employment of her rare histrionic talents. Madame Nilsson possesses genius; but it is undisciplined genius. Her greatest impersonations, abounding as they do, in passages of great power, are never quite consistently sustained throughout. Take, for instance, that in which she has won her brightest laurels—the operatic version of Goethe's *Gretchen*. In the second act we expectantly await the appearance of the innocent and timid girl returning from prayer. Instead of this we see a self-possessed woman come forth with assured step, listen composedly to the overtures of a tenor whose nervousness is not always feigned, give him what is popularly called "his answer," and pursue her homeward way with a manner sufficiently suggestive of her ability to take the best possible care of herself, to daunt even the cynical perseverance of *Mephistopheles*. In the garden scene all this vanishes. Nothing could be more truthfully conveyed has the confusion in which she endeavors to hide the jewels she has put on from the eyes of *Faust*. Thenceforth, the charm of the impersonation increases. We are carried away in defiance of bad phrasing, breathing in awkward places, wilful trifling with the *tempo* to the destruction of all rhythm, and any other liberty which the impulsive audacity of the singer may suggest. Her acting at the death of *Valentine*, once witnessed, cannot easily be forgotten; and in the church scene she attains the highest tragic expression of which the part admits. The curtain falls and rises again on the prison scene, when we are astonished to find the capricious charm again absent, and, as in the second act, the ideal *Gretchen* replaced by the real Madame Nilsson. Similar dramatic suspensions are noticeable in all her greatest parts. As *Elsa*, in "Lohengrin," after sustaining the character admirably through three acts, she unaccountably loses ground in the fourth, and conveys an impression rather of obstinate sulkiness than distracting grief. As *Valentine*, in "Les Huguenots," she absolutely excites antagonism by her bearing at first, and inspires little interest subsequently until the great duet of the fourth act, in which she rises to the occasion and fairly electrifies her audience. For the full evocation of her great powers, some task which exercises them to the utmost seems requisite. In those scenes, in attacking which the greatest artisits must feel at a disadvantage, she achieves a brilliant victory. On lighter occasions she is merely *la prima donna assoluta*—a little spoiled, perhaps, by success. In such a temper she disdains conventionality, and occasionally evinces a patronizing appreciation of the performances of her colleagues that must be humiliating rather than flattering to them. However, if Madame Nilsson be fairly judged, it will be found that her faults are such as a little study and self discipline may easily overcome, while her merits are of that rare type of which it is commonly said that they are born, and not acquired, and which constitutes the arbitrary attribute which we call genius.

The Musical Season at Steinway Hall.

(Concluded from Page 54.)

Of chamber music, there were given Beethoven's Serenade (Trio), Quintet in E flat, Septet and Op. 69, Sonata for violoncello and piano; Brahms' Sextet, Op. 18; Fesca, Septet in C minor; Mendelssohn, Op. 17; Mozart, Octet for wind instruments, and Quartet in G minor; Onslow, Quintet for Wind, Op. 81, and Octet; Raff's Quintet; Rheinberger, Quartet, Op. 38; Rubinstein, Trio, No. 3; Saint-Saëns, Quartet, Op. 41; Scholte, Quintet, Op. 1; Schubert, Quatuor, D minor, Nocturne, (Trio); Schumann, Fantaisie-Stück for violin, violoncello and piano, and Op. 44, Quintet; Spohr, Nonet for Strings and Wind.

For violin and piano we heard Beethoven's Sonatas, Op. 23 and Op. 30, Dulcken's Legende and Rubinstein's A minor Sonata.

For two and three pianos there were played:—Bach's triple concertos; Beethoven, Finale to 5th

Symphony; Goria, "Marche Triomphale;" Mozart's Concerto; Pease, Fantaisie on "Lohengrin;" Saint-Saëns, Variations on a theme from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3; Schumann's "Andante et Variations."

In piano solos the following composers were represented: Jos. Ascher, J. S. Bach, Beethoven, Benedict, Sterndale Bennett, Bever, Bergmann, Boechner, Boscovitz, Brahms, Brandeis, Dr. John Bull, Von Bülow, Henry Carter, Chopin, Daum, Dulcken, John Field, Gluck, Gottschalk, Grieg, Haessler, Handel, Stephen Heller, Adolf Hensel, Herz, Ferd. Hiller, R. Hoffman, Hummel, Kettner, Kulak, Wilhelm Kühe, Leschetizky, Liszt, Lysberg, Wm. Mason, Maylath, Mendelssohn, S. B. Mills, Moniuszko, Moscheles, Mozart, Parsons, Paine, Pease, Perabo, Prudent, J. Raff, Rameau, Rossini-Liszt, Rubinstein, C. Saint-Saëns, Silas, Strauss, Tauig, Thalberg, Tschaikowsky, Tscherchhoff, Volkmann, Wallace, Wagner-Liszt, and Weber.

The following are the Oratorios and Choruses: Bach's Cantata, "Actus Tragicus;" Brahms' "Ein Deutsches Requiem;" Buck, "Meditation of Columbia;" Gluck, Chorus from "Orpheus;" Handel's "Messiah;" Haydn's "Creation;" Kretschmer's "Geisterschlacht;" Möhl, Prayer from "Joseph in Egypt;" Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" Paine, "Centennial Hymn;" Schubert, "Geisterchor;" Wagner, "Pilgerchor;" Septet from "Tannhauser."

The arias with orchestral accompaniment were: Beethoven, "In questa Tomba," "Ah perfido," "Die Trommel gerührt" and "Freundvoll und Leidvoll," from "Ermont;" Donizetti, "O mio Fernando;" Handel, "O, rudi tier der cherry," and "Shall I in M. mr's plain;" Haydn, "Rolling in foaming billows;" Liszt, Aria from "St. Elizabeth;" Mendelssohn, "I'm a roamer," "Infelice," Mozart, "Non più andrai," "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," "Per questa bella mano," "Per pietà non ricercate," "Mia speranza adorata," "Ma che vi fece o stelle;" Thomas, "Non conosci;" Wagner, Prayer from "Rienzi;" Schmuelzliel and Schmiedelied from "Siegfried," Evening Star, "Tannhäuser," Scenes from 1st and 3d act of "Die Walküre," "Gerechter Gott," "Rienzi," Weber, "O Fatima."

Arias and ballads, with piano accompaniment, too numerous to mention, were by the following composers: Abt, Ardit, Beethoven, Bellini, Benedict, Blumenthal, Braga, Brandeis, Buck, Cammerlaender, Campagna, Chopin, Clay, Concone, Cowen, Donizetti, Dulcken, Fabiani, Faure, Fesca, Robert Franz, Flotow, Ganz, Glover, Gomez, Gounod, Gordigiani, Graham, Guglielmi, Hatton, Hiller, Hözl, Hullah, Jahnke, Kreutzer, Kücken, Kjerrulf, Lachner, Lassen, Lover, Loritzing, Lucanton, Marschner, Mattie, Millar, Mercadante, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Mulder, Pacini, Pease, Pinault, Proch, Rabandi, Reissiger, Rizzo, Rossini, Rubinstein, Scuderi, Södermann, Schubert, Schumann, Sponholz, Sullivan, Tagliapietra, Taubert, Thomas, Venzano, Verdi, and Wallace.

The conductors and leaders of orchestra were represented by Theodore Thomas, Dudley Buck, Leopold Damrosch, W. G. Dietrich, Geo. Matzka, Adolf Neuendorff, Agricola Paur, and Reinhard Schmelz.

The principal pianists were Mmes. H. Astie, Martha Blancke, Annette Essipoff, T. Carreno-Sauvet, and Madeline Schiller; Messrs. B. Bockelmann, F. Boscovitz, T. J. H. Daum, Ferd. Dulcken, Frank Gilder, Emile Guyon, S. L. Herrmann, B. Laurent, Emil Liebling, P. Loredan, Wm. Mason, S. B. Mills, J. N. Patison, Alfred H. Pease, Benno Scherek, and Henry C. Timm.

Of solo violinists there were Messrs. R. Arnold, H. Brandt, Leopold Damrosch, C. Hamm, S. E. Jacobsohn, C. Matzka, Ole Bull, and Alfred Vivien; violoncellists, Chas. Werner and Fred. Berger.

Singers were innumerable; among them may be mentioned Mmes. H. Beebe, Imogen Brown, Paulina Canissa, Henrietta Corradi, Anna Drasdi, Gomien, Gordon Steele, A. Grimminger, P. D. Guiguer, M. Hall, Antoine Henze, Fannie Kellogg, Johanna Lehmann, Lillian Norton, Louise Oliver, Agnes Palma, Eugenie Pappenheim, S. C. Reber, Ermilia Rudersdorff, Marie Salvetti, Clara Stuusman, Emma C. Thursby, and Swedish Ladies' Quartette; Messrs. C. Alves, Alex. Bischoff, Henry Brandeis, Wm. Castle, C. Fritsch, Jules Lombard, H. A. Maas, Franz Remmertz, Geo. Simpson, Adolph Sohst, Fred. Steins A. E. Stoddard, G. Tagliapietra, August Thiessen, George Werrenrath, John F. Winch, Myron W. Whitney, and the German Liedkranz.

H. D.

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Are wafted to the sky."

No. 2. Come, wandering Sheep. (Pastor animarum.) Solo and Qt. Bb.
3. d to F."I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry."

These are two good quartets, with words a little out of the common routine, and therefore welcome.

Look Upward. Eb. 3. d to g. **Richter.** 30
"Look upward, O comrades,
Whate'er is life's evening."

Excellent advice, mingled with fine music.

Alone, all Alone. Song and Chorus. Ab.
3. E to F. **Hays.** 35"And tears fill my eyes as I look for the ship
That is bringing my darling to me."

A melodious new song by a very popular composer.

Indignant Polly Wog. A. 2. E to E.
Sturmeck. 30"Oh, Mary, Mary Wog,
Oh Ma, Oh, ry. On Wog."

A very pretty and laughable ditty.

Take this Letter to my Mother. Lithograph title. F. 3. c to F. **Hays.** 40"Te I her that her prayers are answered,
God protects her darling boy."

Charming "sailor boy" ballad, with a fine title.

Mother, come back from Heaven. Song and Chorus. Bb. 3. E to F. **Stewart.** 30
"Come, with thy smile of gladness."
The sentiment and music are alike pleasing.**Jamie.** C. 3. c to E. **Molloj.** 40
"Jamie! Jamie! Jamie!
Hear me calling in the gloaming."

A very neat ballad, in which the taking point is the calling of "Jamie!" who is out on the hill.

Instrumental.

Serenade. 4 hands. Eb. 4. **Krause.** 1.00
Very striking and brilliant duet.**Spring Greeting.** Galop de Bravoura. Db. 5. **Grase.** 40
A bravura, stormy and noisy, pretty full of octave runs.**Crossing the Danube.** Grand Triumphant March. Ab. 4. **Briignoli.** 75
Played "with immense applause" by Gilmore's Band.**Brilliant Star Waltz.** F. 3. **Gile.** 20
Pretty, new waltz.**Chant de l'Aube Waltzes.** 3. **Lamothe.** 75
"L'Aube" means the break of day, and this set will add new vigor to the steps of dancers who are resolved that they "won't go home till morning."**Unique Grand Gaiop.** Elegant illustrated title. C. 3. **Cadmus.** 60
A strange, beautiful face on the title, and brilliant music.**ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."**

